

NEW
SERIES

AUGUST

VOL.
10

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR.

All the Year Round
&
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 57.

PRICE

ELEVENPENCE.

1873

LONDON
26 WELLINGTON ST.
STRAND.

No.
244 to 248

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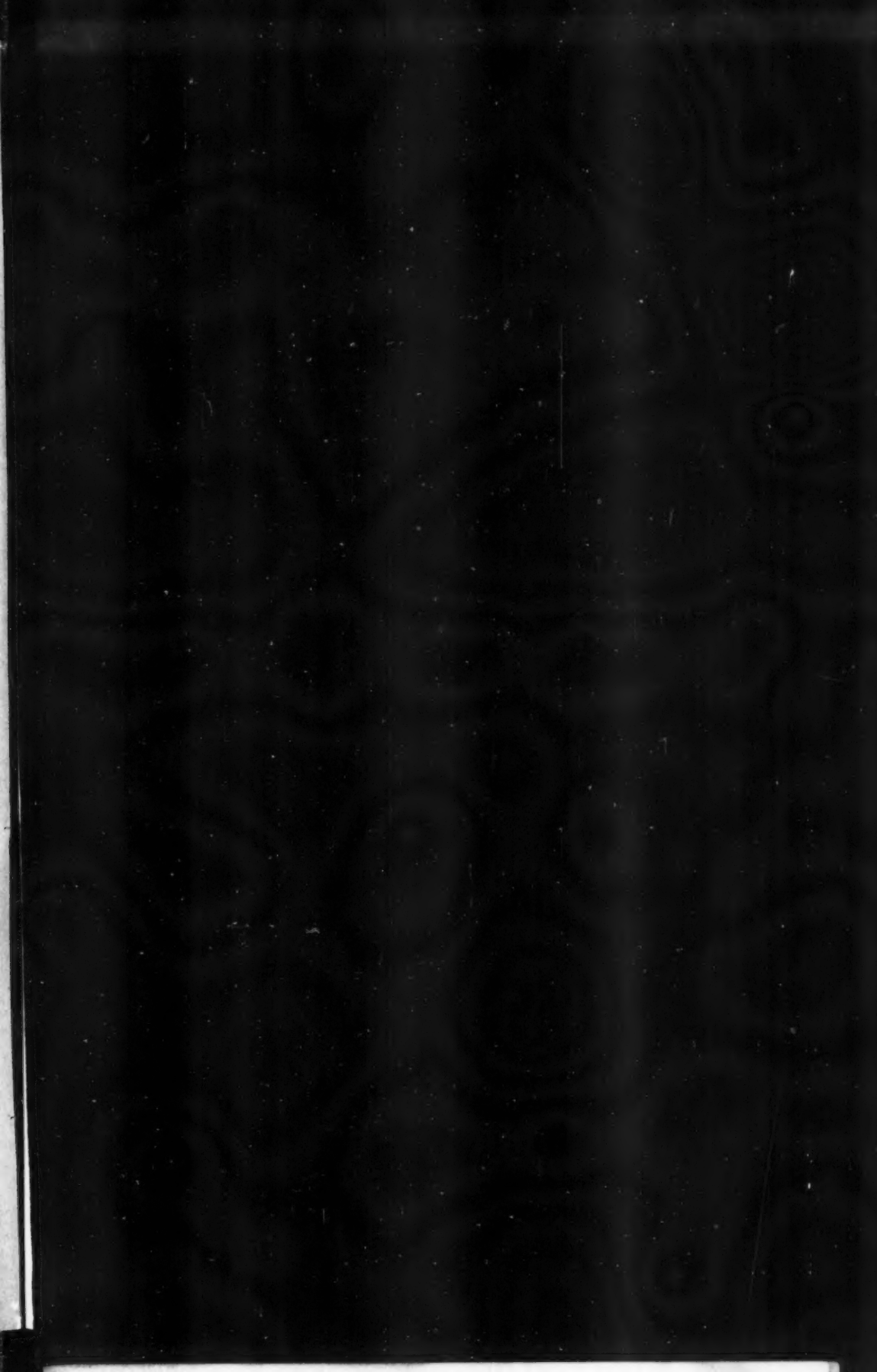
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NO. 244, NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOBSON'S CHOICE," &c.

CHAPTER XXII. HER LADYSHIP.

ROSETTA abruptly resumed possession of the folded paper, the proof, as she had alleged, of her marriage with Lord Overbury. How strange and unaccountable it all seemed! I was speechless, motionless with surprise.

"Let me pass," she said. "I'll not remain here a moment longer."

My mother interposed.

"Pardon me. Your ladyship forgets, I think, that it is now night, and bitter cold, the snow deep, the way very dangerous. It were safer, better, surely, to remain here—at least until the morning. You have endured much already."

My mother's staid manner and sober speech—she was really troubled and excited, I was certain, but she had great power of self-control—appeared to irritate Rosetta curiously.

"I'll go hence," she said, sharply. "I'll not stay here to be insulted."

"You mistake, indeed. There is no intention to insult you. I have bidden you welcome. Our poor house is much at your ladyship's service. My brother, Mr. Orme, is, in part, a tenant of Lord Overbury's. We are bound, therefore, if only on that account, to do all we may on behalf of Lord Overbury's lady."

My mother spoke with an old-fashioned formality and precision; and there was no appreciable lack of respectfulness in her tone and bearing. Yet her impassiveness had its galling effect in some way. I felt it myself, and Rosetta no less.

"I'll go," Rosetta repeated, roughly. "And at once."

"And where to, may I ask?"

"That matters not; only let me go."

"To your husband's house, of course. Overbury Hall is, without doubt, the proper place, the only place, for Lady Overbury to return to. Where else could she go?"

Rosetta hesitated. Then she tossed her head and stamped her foot impatiently. There was silence for a few moments.

"Let it be so," she said at length. "I'll go back to the hall."

"It will be best, I think, if your ladyship really feels well enough to undertake the journey. His lordship must be already anxious on your ladyship's account. But I can send to the hall to let him know that you are here in safety, if your ladyship will honour us by remaining here until the morning."

"No, I'll go back; at once," Rosetta said, peevishly. She was nearly crying, I think. "Perhaps you can send some one to point out the best and nearest way. I'll not trouble you to do more than that." She was losing her grand manner.

"It is no question of trouble. I'll go with you myself," said my mother, promptly. And she rang a bell which communicated with the stables.

"Mother," I cried, "let me go. It is not fit for you to venture out. The night is very bitter." But she put me from her with calm decision.

"Your uncle is not here at this moment, or it would be for him to see her ladyship safely to the hall. In his absence it is my duty to undertake the task. Kem, tell Truckle to get the covered cart ready and to harness the old chestnut; he's very sure-footed, and will take us by the down track well enough if Truckle leads him. There is no fear. I know every step of the way. I have been out in worse

weather than this—and Truckle and the chestnut too.”

Kem departed on her errand. My mother took down a large lantern from a high shelf above the dresser, and lighted it. Then she equipped herself in a heavy cloak of scarlet cloth with a close hood to it, that hung behind the kitchen door. She was soon ready for the journey.

Rosetta sank down again by the kitchen fire, and listlessly kicked the fender as she gazed into the glowing coals. Her face wore the pouting looks of a vexed child. She had played out her part. She looked more herself—the Rosetta of my love. There was silence for some minutes, broken only by the loud ticking of the old Dutch clock, the occasional crackling and rustling of the coals in the grate, the light silvery sound of falling cinders, and the jarring of Rosetta’s foot kicking against the iron fender.

To me there was something dreamlike about the whole scene. I could not yet fully believe that it was all real and true. Rosetta—the tight-rope dancer—my Rosetta—Lady Overbury! and seated in front of our kitchen fire. My mother, standing apart, cloaked and carrying a lantern, ready to see her ladyship safe back to the hall. And I, leaning against the dresser, looking on, bewildered, helpless, dumb. It was all most strange.

Soon Kem returned to say that the covered cart was ready and waiting at the farm-yard gate. It could not be drawn nearer to the house because of the snow. Rosetta rose. I approached to assist her in resuming her fur-trimmed mantle, but my mother was beforehand with me. She saw herself to the due wrapping-up of her ladyship for her night’s trip across the down. Again I was compelled to be a mere useless bystander, forbidden to take active part in the scene.

Rosetta was herself once more. She turned upon me a most radiant smile.

“Good-bye, Duke, and thank you. I shall never forget this day.” She stretched forth her hand to me. I pressed it, timidly and awkwardly, I fear. I had not a word to say. I went out with them to the farm-yard gate.

Rosetta, declining my aid, sprang lightly into the high cart.

“It reminds me of mounting to the rope,” she whispered, with a musical laugh.

My mother drew me on one side.

“You will remain at home, Duke. Promise me.” I promised, for she spoke urgently, although, in truth, I had intended to follow the cart. “Your uncle

will be back soon. I cannot think what has detained him so late,” she went on. “You will tell him that I have gone out, and explain the errand I am bound on. I hope to be back before very long. Assure him that there is no danger. Tell him that I have taken Truckle with me, and the old chestnut. Kem will see to his supper. Keep up good fires.”

The cart moved off slowly, with a heavy muffled sound as the wheels forced their way along the heavy choked path.

“Good-bye, Duke,” cried Rosetta, merrily.

What an exquisite voice it was! She laughed again, and I thought I saw her hand waving adieu to me. She seemed like a child enjoying its first ride. Was this acting still? I felt how little her strange mirth would commend her to my mother’s favour.

For some time I stood, leaning against the farm-yard gate, watching the departing cart as it jogged and struggled on its uneven way, looking jet black upon the field of dead white it traversed, the lantern my mother carried within casting in front a circle of dim orange light upon the snow. I could hear the creaking of the springs and the jolting of the wheels, long after I had failed to discern the figure of old Truckle at the chestnut’s head and the form of the high hood of the cart. It was quite out of sight at last, hidden by the shoulder of the down. Yet still I stood listening to the dull sounds of its uneasy progress. I almost longed to hear cries for assistance—for I knew the snow was very deep just outside Purrington—that I might hasten forward released from my promise, and see Rosetta once again.

Yet what madness it was! What could she ever be to me? Was she not lost to me for ever? There was shame and sin in even thinking of her. She was Lord Overbury’s wife. The night was bitterly cold. I returned to the house, and sat down in Rosetta’s chair beside the fire, moody and vexed, and despondent enough. I had never felt so wretched.

“And to think of her being a real lady,” said Kem, “and sitting afore the fire in my kitchen, warming herself just as you or I might do, Master Duke. There, it quite mazes me, it does. A pretty creature she was, too; I’ll say that for her, though not in her ways like the quality folks quite, to my thinking. She’d a temper of her own. She’d no need that I could see to fall out with the missus. But she was quite in a miff, all on a sudden. Lady Overbury!

Why his lordship must be terrible old for so young a wife! What were they stones called she wore in her ears, Master Duke, dost know? Not glass, surely, though 'em looked summut like it."

"Diamonds, I suppose, Kem."

"Dimants, was they? I've heerd tell of dimants, but I dunno as I ever set eyes on un avore. They was main bright, to be sure, and glittered so you'd think they was avire; but they wasn't so much for size. That there pebble I wears o' Sundays in my tucker is a sight bigger. Reube gave it I. I didn't care to take un, but he said he'd chuck un in sheep-pond if I didn't. 'Twas a fairing he bought at Dripford, so a' said." She laughed, and then returned to the subject of Rosetta. "Where did she come from, Master Duke, hast heerd tell?"

To this question I made no reply.

"Not from these parts, I reckon," continued Kem. "She'd something of London about her talk, I'm thinking. Not but what she spoke pretty, too, avore she fell rusty with the missus; and then she was main rudderish. 'I'm Lady Overbury,' she ses, getting up, terrible huffed. And to think of her being lost in snow. Out in plantation wasn't she, Master Duke? How come she there, I wonder? His lordship ought to take better heed on's wife. Strange, I never heerd on's marrying. But gentle-folks has queer ways. There's no telling what they'll do, and what they'll let alone. And his lordship's allays been a queer quist, so folks allays says hereabout. Well, a's got a young wife, and a sprack un, too. There's no saying how 'twill turn out. 'Tis like shovelling coals on a dull fire. There may be a blaze, and there may be a smother. Red-haired girls is mostly fractious I've been told. I mind my father could never abide a ginger hackle, as a' called un. But I dunno, I thought her ladyship main pretty, and her hair a wonder for quantity. Not that it's for me to be judging of such things and spying about my betters. But they dimants was a real sight to look on, and rings on her fingers she had, and a gold chain round her throat, and for lace and silk, there, I never did see a prettier show; and for the like of she to be out lost in plantation this weather, and night coming on! 'Twas like to be her death. Why I mind once years ago——" and Kem, so far as I noted what she was saying, wandered into a protracted narrative of how Jim Truckle's aunt, or it might have been his great aunt, had remained fixed in a

snow-drift in Bulborough meadows for three whole days during one very severe winter, within sight of her own cottage. She was released at last, it appeared, much more dead than alive, by a neighbour approaching her by chance in his search after a strayed pig. As I gathered, the lady was a scold, and her husband had not stirred himself much to search for his missing partner. Her sufferings, it was suggested, had a beneficial effect upon her subsequent conduct as a wife.

"Her wore a red cloak," said Kem, "and there her was, unable to move hand or foot, all but froar to death, and yet her could see her own kitchen chimney all the while. Poor soul, for sure she suffered terrible."

My sympathies did not attend this story very closely. I remember I was cruel enough to ponder over a certain picturesque character suggested by it, and mentally to paint the scene with an impressive juxtaposition and contrast of the dazzling white snow-drift, and the poor old woman's scarlet cloak.

"Here's the master," said Kem, suddenly.

My uncle's footfall was heard without. He entered the kitchen. Briefly I informed him of all that had happened.

"Gone to the hall! Gone to the hall! Such a night as this! With Lady Overbury! Lady Overbury? It can't be, surely!"

I could only repeat my news. He had great difficulty apparently in comprehending me.

"Truckle's with her, you say?" He seemed more at ease on learning this. "You're sure? Well, well, we can but wait a bit. But if they're not back soon, Duke, we must go out and look for them. For Lady Overbury—I don't understand it. But your mother will explain all when she returns. I'm sorry I wasn't in when all this happened. But we've had a deal of trouble down in the meadows."

It was my uncle's way to let one subject engross him to the hindrance of all others. He could rarely distribute his contemplations. Just now the trouble in the meadows possessed him. So he put from him for the time my news, and spoke solely of an accident that had happened to one of his oxen (a broken limb it was feared, due to a fall upon some rotten ice), discussing as to what was best to be done, and as to whether the butcher should be sent for, or the cow-doctor of our district.

"One of my finest oxen, worth twenty

pound at least. The weather's cruel bad for the cattle. There's not a farm hereabout that won't suffer for it this time. A wonderfully fine ox; the best I had; one of those red Devons I bought last year, you remember."

It was some time before he could relinquish this topic and take up with another. But presently I noticed an abstracted look upon his face, and heard him muttering, "Lady Overbury! Lady Overbury, indeed!" again and again. But he did not address me on the subject. He sat staring into the fire, drying his boots, and tapping his snuff-box. He was now occupied, however, with my mother's mission, and was plainly perplexed about it, and anxious for her return. Every now and then he turned in his chair to look at the clock. Meantime Kem placed his supper before him. He was wet and soiled with his labours, and, as was usual with him in such case, preferred to remain in the kitchen, rather than move to the parlour.

Every ten minutes I went out to gaze in the direction of Purrington, in hopes of seeing the returning cart. There was no sign of life or movement in the drear white landscape. Sometimes I followed the track for a hundred yards or so, listening for the sound of the wheels ploughing through the snow. But I could hear nothing; all was very still. There was no wind, and the sky had lost the frosty clearness it had worn of late. It seemed as though there might be a heavier fall of snow before morning. It was less cold, I thought; or I was heated by my feverish fears and hopes. So some hours passed. Even my uncle, though he said little, grew uneasy and anxious, I noted.

At length I walked out towards the higher down, and discovered—a star? No, it was moving—the dim gleam of the lantern my mother carried, swayed about by the rocking of the cart. It seemed but a spark in the distance—now it grew brighter. The cart was returning in safety. I hastened to meet it.

The old chestnut was nearly dead beat. He moved along very slowly in a dense cloud of steam. Still the veteran toiled on gallantly. Truckle was much exhausted, and his temper had suffered.

"A nation hard job," he said. "Drattle the snow!"

"Is all well, mother?"

"All's well, Duke, thank God!" she answered, cheerily. But as I helped her down on the cart's arrival at the farm, I found she could scarcely stand, she was so

stiff from the cold. She was agitated; but her eyes were very bright. "Mind, Truckle, and give the old horse a good feed of corn. He's done bravely. It's been a hard night's work for all of us. And you'll come into the kitchen presently, Truckle, and have your supper and a mug of strong beer. You've well deserved it."

"You left her ladyship safely at the hall?" I asked.

"Yes, we saw her ladyship, as you call her, safely home."

"As I call her, mother? Is she not her ladyship, then?"

She was about to speak abruptly, almost angrily, I thought, but she checked herself.

"Well, well, let it be so. Call her what she calls herself—'Her ladyship.' What does it matter?"

"But she offered you proof of her right to that title."

"I declined to see it. It was nothing to me."

"But you, yourself, addressed her as Lady Overbury."

"And you addressed her as Rosetta."

"I knew her by no other name."

"You knew her? You had met her before, then? Where? When?"

I briefly explained. I had seen her first in the booth at the fair; and not again until I had found her in the plantation.

"At a booth in the fair? an actress?"

"A rope-dancer."

"I might have been sure of it."

We were now at the kitchen door. My uncle came out to meet us.

"Well, Mildred," he said, "what's all this been about?"

"Presently, Hugh, presently."

"Thank God! you're home again in safety. What a night for you to be out in. Come and warm yourself at the fire. No, not a word now. You can tell me all by-and-bye."

CONCERNING SOME ANCIENT ENGLISH CHORUSES.

ALL who are acquainted with the early lyrical literature of England, preserved in the songs and ballads of the days immediately before and after Shakespeare, must sometimes have asked themselves the meaning of such old choruses as "Down, down, derry down," "With a fal, lal, la," "Tooral, looral," "Hey nonnie, nonnie," and many others. These choruses are by no

means obsolete, though not so frequently heard in our day as they used to be a hundred years ago. "Down, down, derry down," still flourishes in immortal youth in every village alehouse and beershop where the farm labourers and mechanics are accustomed to assemble. One of the greatest living authorities on the subject of English song and music—Mr. William Chappell, the erudite editor of the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*—is of opinion that these choruses or burdens were "mere nonsense words that went glibly off the tongue." He adds (vol. i. page 223), "I am aware that 'Hey down, down, derry down,' has been said to be a modern version of 'Hai down, ir, deri danno,' the burden of an old song of the Druids, signifying, 'Come let us haste to the oaken grove' (Jones, *Welsh Bard*, vol. i. page 128), but this I believe to be mere conjecture, and that it would now be impossible to prove that the Druids had such a song." That Mr. Chappell's opinion is not correct, will, I think, appear from the etymological proofs of their antiquity afforded by the venerable language which was spoken throughout the British Isles by the aboriginal people for centuries before the Roman invasion, and which is not yet extinct in Wales, in Ireland, and in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain, has left a description of the Druids and their religion, which is of the highest historical interest. That system and religion came originally from Assyria, Egypt, and Phœnicia, and spread over all Europe at a period long anterior to the building of Rome. The Druids were known by name, but scarcely more than by name, to the Greeks, who derived the appellation erroneously from *drus*, an oak, under the supposition that the Druids preferred to perform their religious rites under the shadows of oaken groves. The Greeks also called the Druids *Saronides*, from two Celtic words *sur* and *dhaine*, signifying "excellent men." The Celtic meaning of the word "Druid" is to enclose within a circle, and a Druid meant a prophet, a divine, a bard, a magician, one who was admitted to the mysteries of the inner circle. The Druidic worship was astronomical, and purely deistical, and rendered reverence to the sun, moon, and stars as the visible representatives of the otherwise unseen Divinity who created man and nature. "They used no images," says the Reverend Doctor Alexander in his excellent little volume on the Island of Iona,

published by the Religious Tract Society, "to represent the object of their worship, nor did they meet in temples or buildings of any kind for the performance of their sacred rites. A circle of stones, generally of vast size, and surrounding an area of from twenty feet to thirty yards in diameter, constituted their sacred place; and in the centre of this stood the cromlech (crooked stone), or altar, which was an obelisk of immense size, or a large oblong flat stone, supported by pillars. These sacred circles were usually situated beside a river or stream, and under the shadow of a grove, an arrangement which was probably designed to inspire reverence and awe in the minds of the worshippers, or of those who looked from afar on their rites. Like others of the Gentile nations also, they had their 'high places,' which were large stones, or piles of stones on the summits of hills; these were called *carns* (cairns), and were used in the worship of the deity under the symbol of the sun.

"In what manner and with what rites the Druids worshipped their deity, there is now no means of ascertaining with minute accuracy. There is reason to believe that they attached much importance to the ceremony of going thrice round their sacred circle, from east to west, following the course of the sun, by which it is supposed that they intended to express their entire conformity to the will and order of the Supreme Being, and their desire that all might go well with them according to that order. It may be noticed, as an illustration of the tenacity of popular usages and religious rites, how they abide with a people, generation after generation, in spite of changes of the most important kind, nay, after the very opinions out of which they have arisen have been repudiated; that even to the present day certain movements are considered of good omen only when they follow the course of the sun, and that in some of the remote parts of the country, the practice is still retained of seeking good fortune by going thrice round some supposed sacred object from east to west."

But still more remarkable than the fact which Doctor Alexander has stated, is the vitality of the ancient Druidic chants, which still survive on the popular tongue two thousand years or more after their worship has disappeared, and after the meaning of their strange snatches and fragments of song has been all but irretrievably lost, and almost wholly unsuspected. Some account of Stonehenge, or the Coir-mhor, on Salisbury Plain, the grandest remaining monu-

ment of the Druids in the British Isles, has already appeared in this journal.* Everybody has heard of Stonehenge, though few know that many other Druidical circles of minor importance are scattered over various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In Scotland they are especially numerous. One but little known, and not mentioned by the Duke of Argyll in his book on the remarkable island of which he is the proprietor, is situated between the ruins of the cathedral of Iona and the sea-shore, and is well worthy of a visit from the hundreds of tourists who annually make the voyage round the noble Isle of Mull, on purpose to visit Iona and Staffa. There is another Druidic circle on the main land of Mull, and a large and more remarkable one at Lochnell, near Oban, in Argyllshire, which promises to become as celebrated as Stonehenge itself, combining as it does not only the mystic circle, but a representation clearly defined of the mysterious serpent, the worship of which entered so largely into all the Oriental religions of remote antiquity. There are other circles in the various islands of the Hebrides, and as far north as Orkney and Shetland. It was, as we learn from various authorities, the practice of the Druidical priests and bards to march in procession round the inner circle of these rude temples, chanting religious hymns in honour of the sunrise, the noon, or the sunset; hymns which have not been wholly lost to posterity, though posterity has failed to understand them, or imagined, as Mr. Chappell has done, that their burdens—their sole relics—are but unmeaning words, invented for musical purposes alone, and divested of all intellectual signification.

First among these choruses is "Down, down, derry, down," the English rendering of "Dun, dun, daragan, dun," signifying "To the hill, to the hill, to the oaks, to the hill," which in all probability was the burden of a religious chant sung by the priests as they walked in procession from the interior of the stone circle to some neighbouring grove upon a down or hill. This chorus survives in many hundreds of English popular songs, but notably in the beautiful ballad *The Three Ravens*, preserved in *Melismata* (1611).

There were three ravens sat on a tree.
Down-a-down! hey down, hey down,
They were as black as black might be,
With a down!
Then one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we now our breakfast take,
With a down, down, derry, derry, down!

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. viii. p. 294.

The words come in without meaning; but were probably part of the original chant, to the music of which the modern ballad was adapted.

A second well-known and vulgarised chorus, "Tooral looral," has its origin in two Celtic or Gaelic words, of which few or none have hitherto suspected the meaning. Tooral is the Celtic *turail*—slow; and looral, in the same venerable speech, is *luathrail*—(pronounced *luarail*) quick, signifying a variation in the time of some musical composition or march. Tooral looral is thus akin in construction to the words more recently adopted from the Italian, to signify the harpsichord of our ancestors—the pianoforte.

A third chorus, which, thanks to the Elizabethan writers, has not been vulgarised, is that which occurs in John Chalkhill's *Praise of a Countryman's Life*, quoted by Izaak Walton:

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
High trolollie, lollie, lol! High trolollie, lee!

These words are easily resolvable into the Celtic; *Ai!* or *Aibhe!* Hail! or All hail! *Trath*—pronounced *trah*, early, and *là*, day! or "*Ai, trà, là, là, là*"—Hail early day! early day! a chorus which Moses and Aaron may have heard in the temples of Egypt, as the priests of Baal saluted the rising sun; and which was repeated by the Druids on the remote shores of Western Europe, in now desolate Stonehenge, and a thousand other circles, where the sun was worshipped as the emblem of the Divinity. The second portion of the chorus, "*High trolollie, lee*," is in Celtic, "*Ai tra là, là, li*," which signifies, "Hail early day! Hail bright day!" The repetition of the word *là* as often as it was required for the exigencies of the music, accounts for the chorus, in the form in which it has descended to modern times.

"*Fal, lal, la*," a chorus even more familiar to the readers of old songs, is from the same source. Lord Bathurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, wrote, in 1665, the well-known ballad, commencing:

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write.
With a fal, lal, là, and a fal, lal, là.
And a fal, lal, lal, lal, là.

Fal signifies a circle, and *là*, a day, and the words should properly be written, *fal, là*, or *fallà là*. The words appear in the *Invitation to May*, by Thomas Morley, 1595:

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing.

Fal, la, là!
Each with his bonnie lass,
Upon the greeny grass,
Fal, la, là!

The Celtic or Druidical interpretation of these syllables is, "the circle or completion of the day."

"Fal, lero, loo," appears as a chorus in a song by George Wither (1588—1667).

There was a lass a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen.
But fool, as then I was,
I thought she loved me true
But now alas! she's left me,
Fal, lero, lero, loo!

Here fal, as in the previous instance, means a circle; lear (corrupted into lero), the sea; and luaidh (the dh silent), praise; the chorus of a song of praise to the sun when seen rising above the ocean.

The song of Sir Eglamour, in Mr. Chappell's collection, has another variety of the Fal, là, of a much more composite character:

Sir Eglamour that valiant knight,
Fal, la! lanky down dilly!
He took his sword and went to fight,
Fal, la! lanky down dilly!

In another song, called The Friar in the Well, this chorus appears in a slightly different form:

Listen awhile, and I will tell
Of a friar that loved a bonnie lass well,
Fal la! là, là, là, là! Fal, la, langtre down dilly!

The one version has lanky, the other langtre, both of which are corruptions of the Celtic. The true reading is Fal! là, lan—ri—dun—dile, which signifies, "The circle of the day is full, let us go to the hill of rain."

"Hey, nonnie, nonnie," "Such unmeaning burdens of songs," says Nares, in his Glossary, "are common to ballads in most languages." But this burden is not unmeaning, and signifies "Hail to the noon." Noin or noon was so-called in the Celtic because at midsummer in our northern latitudes, it was the ninth hour after sunrise. With the Romans, in a more southern latitude, noon was the ninth hour after sunrise, at six in the morning, answering to our three o'clock of the afternoon. A song with this burden was sung in England in the days of Charles the Second:

I am a senseless thing, with a hey!
Men call me a king, with a ho!
For my luxury and ease,
They brought me o'er the seas,
With a heigh, nonnie, nonnie, nonnie, no!

Mr. Chappell cites an ancient ballad,

which was sung to the tune of Hie dildo, dil. This also appears to be Druidical, and to be resolvable into Ai, dile dun dile, or "Welcome to the rain upon the hill," a thanksgiving for rain after a drought.

"Trim go trix" is a chorus that continued to be popular until the time of Charles the Second, when Tom D'Urfey wrote a song entitled Under the Greenwood Tree, of which he made it the burden. Another appears in Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany:

The Pope, that pagan full of pride,
He has us blinded long,
For where the blind the blind does guide,
No wonder things go wrong,
Like prince and king, he led the ring
Of all iniquitie.
Hey trix, trim go trix!
Under the greenwood tree.

In Celtic treim, or dreim, signifies to climb, and gu tric, with frequency, often, so that these apparently unnecessary words represent a Druidical exhortation to climb often to the hill of worship under the greenwood tree.

There is an old Christmas carol which commences

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell.
This is the salutation of the angel Gabriel.

Mr. Halliwell, in his Archaic Dictionary, says "Nowel was a cry of joy," properly at Christmas, of joy for the birth of the Saviour. A political song in a manuscript of the time of King Henry the Sixth, concludes:

Let us all sing nowelle,
Nowelle, nowelle, nowelle, nowelle,
And Christ save merry Engiand and spede it well.

The modern Gaelic and Celtic for Christmas is Nollaig—a corruption of the ancient Druidical name for a holiday—from naomb, holy, and là, day, whence naola, the burden of a Druidical hymn, announcing the fact that a day of religious rejoicing had arrived for the people.

One more and a very remarkable example of the vitality of these Druidic chants is afforded by the well-known political song of Lilli Burlero, of which Lord Macaulay gives the following account in his History of England:

"Thomas Wharton, who, in the last parliament, had represented Buckinghamshire, and who was already conspicuous both as a libertine and as a Whig, had written a satirical ballad on the administration of Tyrconnel. In this little poem an Irishman congratulates a brother Irishman in a barbarous jargon on the approaching triumph of popery and of the

Milesian race. The Protestant heir will be excluded. The Protestant officers will be broken. The Great Charter and the praters who appeal to it will be hanged in one rope. The good Talbot will shower commissions on his countrymen, and will cut the throats of the English. These verses, which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish, which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641. The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution, a great writer delineated, with exquisite skill, a veteran who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier is his trick of whistling Lillibullero. Wharton afterwards boasted that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. But in truth the success of Lillibullero was the effect, and not the cause of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution."

The mysterious syllables which Lord Macaulay asserted to be gibberish, and which in this corrupt form were enough to puzzle a Celtic scholar, and more than enough to puzzle Lord Macaulay, who knew nothing of the venerable language of the first inhabitants of the British Isles, and of all Western Europe, resolve themselves into "Li! Li! Beur. Lear-a! buille na là," which freely rendered, signify, "Light! Light! on the sea, beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the day!" Like all the choruses previously cited, these words are part of a hymn to the sun, and entirely astronomical and Druidic.

The perversion of so many of these once sacred chants to the service of common literature, and the street ballad, suggests the trite remark of Hamlet to Horatio:

To what base uses we may come at last!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.

The hymns once sung by thousands of deep-voiced priests marching in solemn procession from their mystic shrines to salute with music and song, and reverential homage, the rising of the glorious orb which cheers and fertilises the world, have wholly departed from the recollection of man, and their poor and dishonoured relics are

spoken of by scholars and philosophers as trash, gibberish, nonsense, and an idle farrago of sounds, of no more philological value than the lowing of cattle or the bleating of sheep. But I trust that all attentive readers of the foregoing pages will look upon the old choruses—so sadly perverted in the destructive progress of time, that demolishes languages as well as empires and systems of religious belief—with something of the respect due to their immense antiquity, and their once sacred functions in a form of worship, which, whatever were its demerits as compared with the purer religion that has taken its place, had at least the merit of inculcating the most exalted ideas of the Power, the Love, and the Wisdom of the Great Creator.

THE BEST BINS.

WHAT sort of wine it was that trickled from the purple grapes of Noah's primeval vineyard we can guess with tolerable certainty. There are not, it is true, now-a-days, many vine-growers among the stony slopes of Kurdish or Armenian hillsides, but there is a strong family likeness among the rough, red, full-bodied wines of the East. Thick, rich in alcohol, and richer still in sugar, they bear transport with difficulty, and are not very attractive to European palates. Yet there are vintages among them that have deserved more honourable mention. The generous wine which Solomon sipped and praised was probably the dainty Vino d'oro of Lebanon, or some now forgotten growth of a sunny Syrian valley long left desolate. The frothing grape juice of which Hafiz sang in strains worthy to rank with those of his Ionian prototype had certainly seethed in the vats of Shiraz. But if there be truth in the proverb as to the toothsome character of stolen fruit, the maxim may not improbably hold good with reference to the life-blood of Bacchus, and the Mussulman Anacreon may have snatched a fearful joy from the fact that he was quaffing the precise liquor which the Prophet had forbidden to the faithful.

That the native home and cradle of the grape lay in Asia is a lesson that sacred and profane history unite to teach us. The conquering march of Bacchus is one of the most graceful myths that ever employed the fiery imagination of a Greek poet or the dexterous pencil of a Greek limner. High on his leopard-drawn car

the victor came westwards in bloodless triumph, flowers springing unbidden into life beneath the wheels of his chariot, music causing the very air to throb with a tempest of sweet sounds, art and science, plenty and prosperity, following in his train. There was nothing of cruelty, nothing of suffering, to mar that pageant. If a pointless spear appeared, it was girt around with clinging ivy; if a standard rose above the long array of harmless invaders, it was wreathed with vine tendrils from which the heavy grapes dangled temptingly. True, Silenus, drowsy and grotesque, was nodding on his long-eared steed, and goat-footed satyrs, and wild-eyed bacchantes, danced to pipe and tabor along the line of march, but the general idea was one of universal bounty, gentleness, and goodwill. The Greeks, like the Jews, seem to have received wine as one of the chief blessings of life; a temperate race by habit and constitution, they used it more than they abused it, and the allusions to the grape in Hellenic poetry are more decorous and respectful than those which stud the pages of the authors of self-indulgent Rome.

The Romans, fond as they were of wine, had but a limited area whence to replenish their cellars. The Falernian which Horace loved so well was perhaps their most expensive as well as their choicest beverage, but preferable to all the other vintages of Italy was the crimson grape juice that came in tall jars from Lesbos, from Chios, and the other sun-gilded isles of Greece. It was only some exceptionally delicate wine that was deemed worth the storing and sealing in those huge stone amphoræ which we may yet behold in the museum of Naples. Goatskins and pigskins, the leathern "bottles" mentioned in Scripture, were the usual recipients for the coarser growths, and these, as is still the case in Spain, yielded a marked and disagreeable flavour to the wine which they contained. There were grapes in the Spanish peninsula, even before the siege of Saguntum and the struggle for mastery between Roman and Carthaginian, and there were grapes in Gaul. But a Celtic population is usually more prone to brew beer than to go through the labours of pruning and pressing, and not much wine was made in the western provinces of the bloated empire until Roman colonists had taken the culture into their own hands. The frozen wine which unhappy Ovid, in his exile on the Danube, sawed into ruddy lumps and

thawed in hot water, was most probably an importation from Umbria or from Thrace. The Hungarian vineyards, the terraced rows of vines that clothe the sterile sides of the Rhenish cliffs, the acres of valuable plants that dower Champagne with a wealth beyond that of corn or oil, had as yet no existence.

The Norman Conquest found Europe, as regarded the growth, manufacture, and sale of wine, in a transitional state. Italy, in the vinous scale, attained to perhaps the highest rank, although Burgundian grapes already yielded their liquid ruby to fill the hanaps of such knights and princes as dwelt between Loire and Rhine, while Aquitaine sent many a cask of Gascon wine to the port of London, before the landing at Pevensey, and the defeat of Senlac. But England did not depend entirely on Ypres or Bordeaux for her supply of wine. Old charters, the bygone names of half-forgotten vineyards belonging to monastic houses, prove that the cultivation of the grape, even up to the Roman wall and the banks of Tweed, was once by far more frequent than it now is. England was probably the most northerly of those countries in which vines were growing at the time of the great millenary jubilee, and that they flourished at all, is a proof how resolute were the monks to drink what the difficulties of land transport debarred to those who lived too remote from the coast. London and Bristol, Boston and Norwich, could pick and choose between the amber Rhenish and the crimson nectar from the Garonne, but a long stretch of dry land was a serious impediment to the carriage of so bulky an article of commerce. Meanwhile the vineyards of Lombardy, from one of which came that famous growth, the temptations of which, as commemorated in Ferrara by the emphatic words, "Est! Est! Est!" proved fatal to the bibulous German bishop, who on his road to Rome sent on a mounted servant to taste and note the best vintages at every inn, preserved their classic renown. But wine was all but an unknown beverage to the ale drinking Scandinavians, to Wend and Pole, Prussian and Muscovite, whose ordinary drink was black beer, with a horn of bright honey-distilled mead for high-tide and holiday. Spain contributed no wine to the markets of rich England and richer Flanders, for the miscreant Saracens had grubbed up the vines of Andalusia, and sherry continued to be almost unknown to foreign consumers, until the

final ruin of the Moorish empire on this side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

The political connexion, for so many years, between our island and the south-western provinces of France, no doubt helped to bring about the fact that when at coronation feast or thanksgiving for victory, our London fountains spouted forth showers of red wine to be thirstily swallowed by the shouting populace, it was Bordeaux that supplied the liquor. But even had our Gascon wine-growers not been subjects of the same sovereign as their English customers, there would still have remained the broad fact that a ship could unload at a Thames wharf the hogsheads that she had taken on board of her when lying beside a quay on the Garonne, while our wool and our silver were as welcome in Aquitaine as were the casks of claret to the vintners of London. Accordingly, long after the Plantagenets' possessions in France were limited to the single town of Calais, the consumption of French wines in London continued to be very great, until the taste for Spanish wines, and notably for that gold-tinted luscious compound of sugar, spice, and sherris, of which Falstaff speaks so lovingly under its familiar name of sack, rose to its apogee in the reign of Elizabeth.

King James the First took the trouble to import for his own drinking the strong Greek wines, strange to English palates of the seventeenth century, which had once been sufficiently abundant in the cellars of the Knight Templar. On the table of the Scottish Solomon might be seen dusty flasks of Cyprus, with its strong twang, due to the presence of tannin to excess, and yellow Malvoisie from Zara, and purple Chios, and that rough and red Tenedos with which British fleets of a later day have been supplied. The Puritans who dethroned and beheaded his successor, although by no means averse to ale, brandy, and Geneva, were no great patrons of wine, a liquor which was, indeed, held in one time in suspicion, as that in which malignants were wont in secret to pledge one another to the happy return of the Young Man. That long looked for event at length took place, and wine was once more first favourite. Sack was now no longer in fashion, and claret was the drink of polite England, though some of the more dashing young bloods about the king's court affected champagne, the merits of which Charles had probably learned during his Continental Odyssey, but at which it is

more than likely that the old Cavaliers who had fought under Rupert looked with some contempt. Champagne was not, under either the Stuarts or the early Georges, what it has since become. At the Regent Philip's famous suppers, the gorgeous lackeys uncorked a dozen flasks of Burgundy for every bottle of the sparkling grape-juice of Epernay.

The conclusion of the Methuen treaty brought port wine into fashion among our great-grandfathers, and claret was displaced to an extent which would have been mischievous indeed to Gascon wine-growers, had not the latter, fortunately for them, found a new market that made up for the partial loss of English custom. The Maréchal de Richelieu, sometime governor of Gascony, really believed to the end of his life that he owed the re-establishment of his health to the good wine of the district, and his praises of the southern growth, and his influence with Louis the Fifteenth, made Bordeaux fashionable. Up to that time the more costly wines consumed in France had come from Burgundy and from the Rhone, while a hundred petty vintages, thin and sour for the most part, supplied the demand for a cheap beverage. In England, on the other hand, port was a usurper that rose on the ruins of its older rival, claret. It came to be considered, economical questions apart, as a Briton's duty to stick to port. The punchbowl had assumed the dignity of a national institution, but wine was still needed, and it was thought better to buy it from our allies than to deal, through the agency of unscrupulous smugglers or suspected neutrals, with the natural enemies of our glorious constitution. Thus port, to the great encouragement and diffusion of gout and other ailments, came to be drunk to indiscretion amongst us, and claret gradually grew to be looked on as an expensive luxury, and to be charged for accordingly.

It was during Napoleon's long period of prosperity that champagne first acquired its world-wide reputation. The conqueror did not himself care much for any wine but Chambertin; but the banquets of the time were enlivened by the popping of innumerable corks, and wherever the French eagles were carried, there also appeared the glistening necks of a legion of plump bottles, decked with silver foil or pink tinsel, and yielding a sparkling fluid that bubbled and beaded in the tall glasses, and which the ladies of Europe at once took under their especial protection. It was in vain that

some haters of innovation protested, like Alfred de Musset, that the first duty of wine was to be red, and that other and more daring dissidents refused the vinous title to the frothing interloper. Champagne's victorious progress overleaped mountain and sea; it took precedence alike in St. Petersburg and in Constantinople, of all other members of the Bacchic family, and to this day the finder of a great nugget among the gold rushes of California or Australia celebrates his good luck by assembling half a score of red-shirted diggers to imbibe Gargantuan draughts of champagne, at prices that would seem preposterous to even the proprietor of the *Maison Dorée*.

Madeira, the only African wine that has ever taken a place in the foremost rank, was fortunate in finding a royal sponsor in George the Fourth. A kindred growth had been retailed, during the Tudor reigns, under the name of Canary, but it was not until the Regent's approval of Madeira had become notorious, that the importation into England became considerable. Then, indeed, the vogue of the new favourite knew no bounds. It was strongly recommended by the faculty, by bewigged old Sir Joseph Doublejee, by Doctor Buckram, with his portentous neckcloth and gold-headed cane, and by the other courtly physicians of the Corinthian epoch. "London particular" was voted a liquor worthy to have been served by Hebe at the banquets of Olympus, but West, and especially East, Indian Madeira, at ever so many shillings a dozen, was respectfully spoken of, and reverently drunk. It was an article of faith that this royal wine, like the young gentleman whose education received its final polish by the grand tour, improved by travel, and that the further it went the better. Some of the dearest Madeira of the post Waterloo period must have been able, unless the merchants who sold it were false knaves, to boast of as many voyages as Ulysses, and to have been to Calcutta and back was a very common experience for the generous grape-juice. At length it was accidentally discovered that wine of very inferior quality could be transmuted into nectar fit for an emperor's palate by simply leaving the cask for several months in a furnace-heated room, and that it was the high temperature, and not the knocking about on board ship, that so much enhanced the flavour of East India Madeira. But already fickle fashion was deserting her late idol, and the British

public, weary of the coarse and ill-made imitations which the Cape furnished, threw over Madeira, and the reign of sherry began.

The history of sherry, its rise, and its decline and fall, would of itself expand into a volume. Ever since the Moors were once fairly done with, Cadiz had been the seat of a great export trade; but all Andalusian wine is not sherry, and there are other provinces which grow grapes in even greater profusion. The various ill-starred attacks on Cadiz that have been ordered by different English governments have generally failed because the troops, breaking into the vast warehouses near the landing-place, drank themselves into a disgraceful oblivion of discipline and duty. But even when Charles the First's disorderly recruits rioted among the enormous cellars of Port St. Mary, the pipes and hogsheds that they staved in with hard blows of their musket butts were not all filled with honest sherry. Already Teneriffe wine, Murcian wine, wine of La Mancha, had been mixed and doctored into a counterfeit of the rarer product. And when sherry came into its full popularity in the great English market, the days of its excellence were numbered. It had never been very cheap. But, until very recently, the customer who was willing to pay a fair price, had the penny-worth for his penny. So highly prized was a delicate appreciation of the best vintages, that there were worse positions than that of the salaried taster to some rich Cadiz firm of exporters. He received from four to five hundred pounds a year as his retaining fee, and his only hardship was abstinence from the beloved cigarette, since it was thought of vital consequence that the critic should be not only a Spaniard, but one who had ceased to blunt the natural subtlety of his gustatory nerves by the use of tobacco.

It is probable that real Pasaqueto, genuine Manzanilla, and even Amontillado guiltless of imposture, may still be bought at a high price from exceptionally high-minded vendors. It is certain that at a less cost a nutty sherry of reasonable quality can yet be had. But it is scarcely to be expected that an average wine worth five shillings a bottle, or thereabouts, as it mellowed in cask at Cadiz, can be sold for three shillings, half a crown, or two shillings, in London, carriage, duty, glass, labour, retail profit, advertising, and delivery, all included. Yet a beverage of some alcoholic strength, and that shall

look, and taste, and smell somewhat like the wine it professes to be, is in request at low prices, and must be had, somehow. Wherefore the alchemist of the cellarage is called in with his unholy arts, with his umber and burnt sugar, his Cape, and his Mountain, with malt brandy, and fiery potato spirit, and fusel-oil, and water from the rivers Elbe or Thames, according to the site of his necromatic operations, and hey, presto, the paying public has its glass replenished at a charge less than that of the winegrower at the gate of his vineyard. Port, a cordial of the utmost value, ought scarcely to be counted in the list of natural wines. Our Lisbon diplomatic staff write word, now and then, to the Foreign Office, that port contains as much juice of elder-berries as it does of grapes, and the information is printed at the national expense, but it never comprises as many unattractive details of the process of manufacture as may be learned, in moments of confidence, from any retired wine merchant who has spent a few years in Portugal. Still, we could ill spare port, and it lends itself in a less degree to adulteration than does its cousin-german sherry, since, if too much tampered with, it is apt to be rendered not merely deleterious, but nauseous into the bargain. Its merits in some cases of illness are indisputable; it often forms the sheet-anchor of the parish doctor who sees half his poor patients shivering with ague, and Boards of Guardians who are liberal on this score find that their open-handedness has in reality proved itself a wise economy of the rates. Comet vintages, on the other hand, that priceless '20 port, which is more often met with in fiction than in fact, and the produce of other years only a little less famous, are merely the toys of rich amateurs whose numbers death thins annually, but whose costly whims are still as a gold mine to those eminent dealers, Messrs. Beeswing and Sloe. There are still sold a few cases of that "loaded" claret, which used to be made expressly for the English market, but a butler of George the Fourth's reign would hardly recognise the genial fluid that now passes under that familiar name.

There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because they have a smack that is not to the general taste. *Lacrima Christi* is sipped by travellers at Naples, but how many flasks of it do British cellars contain? The white wine of Jurançon, sacred to the memory of the

kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, cannot be bought. Every drop is bespoken, years before, by far-sighted Legitimist consumers. It is hard, even at Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles, of white glass and bulbous shape, that hold an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk for bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as a syrup, and is in fact only a very superior raisin wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porpherogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wine are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in a less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which scorns to find purchasers not commemorated in the courtly Almanac de Gotha, but pseudo specimens of which, at about two napoleons a bottle, are to be had at Rhineland hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a thoughtful man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard. Constantia, the sweet strong wine which the Dutch governor of the Cape named after his dead wife, is now, like Malmsey, Madeira, Frontignac, Hermitage, and Rivesatte Lunel, chiefly employed to give flavour to other wines, and the Stein vines need to be as tall as Jack's enchanted beanstalk in the nursery tale, if the pale juice of their transparent grapes fills all the sturdy bottles which bear the name of that celebrated convent.

Some of the best champagne in the world, and some of the very worst, gets into the London market. The old classification, by which the highest quality was reserved for Russia, the second for France, and number three for English use, is long since obsolete. It may more truly now be said that there is good wine for those who have long purses, and who combine with an accurate sense of taste the resolution not to buy trash hawked under the forged brand of some famous maker. Of course Veuve Clicquot, Roederer, and the rest, are as blameless for the vile turnip-juice, spoilt Moselle, and decoction of rhubarb that masquerade under their well-known names, as are the Farina family for the scented turpentine that does duty for eau-de-

cologne. It has long been a recognised truth that anything, from a white country wine at six sous the litre, to mere sugar and water, will pass muster as champagne, and that silvery necks, rose-coloured foil, or seals of gold-specked resin guarding the precious store within the bottles, are matters by far more important than the composition of the contents. There must be a sparkling effervescent fluid, and it is better not to inquire over-curiously into its origin. Champagne, like sherry, illustrates the fact that demand is pretty sure to be followed by its faithful handmaid supply. Just as high duties evoke the smuggler, so does a cry for wine of a renowned sort at a cheap rate call into activity the fraudulent concocter of sham vintages. The imps of the cellar, gnomes who may well blush for the dark doings that they hide under ground, are especially busy when the London party-giving season is approaching. At a ball supper ingenuous youth, heated with dancing, and thinking ten times more of bright eyes and soft speeches than of probable headache on the morrow, will swallow anything. So will some who are old enough to be wiser, and who have not the same excuse of a brain dizzy with waltzing and flirtation. After all, the girls and boys know no better than to imbibe a compound of gooseberry-juice and carbonic acid gas, but who shall excuse the householder who, under the guise of hospitality, thus imperils the constitutions of his mature guests! No one can well believe that Eastern France can furnish, carriage, customs, and middleman's profit comprised, wholesome champagne at about three shillings a bottle. Any landed proprietor of the neighbourhood of Rheims and Epernay could tell the too credulous Briton that decent wine, grown within a league or two of his own door, costs him at the least four francs by the time it is fit to drink, and when bought from the grower direct. It is a wine that needs care, patience, and the daintiest manipulation, and must be fined, and racked, and recorked, and made to stand upon its head like an acrobat, and be heedfully mellowed in cool vaults, before it is ready to leap forth, beading and foaming, and loosen the tongues of men.

It has been plausibly said that a good razor is an accident, and much the same may be averred as regards good claret. The higher crus—tracing their well-authenticated genealogy to Chateaux Margaux and Lafitte, and other spots dear to

the Gascon Bacchus—deserve all the commendations which their delicate perfume and the velvet of their soft touch, as they tickle over the palate, justly elicit. But in the instance of wines that are expensive but not genuine, mere vinous charlatans under borrowed names, the bouquet, the flavour, the very softness may be due to the cunning of the chemist. Coal-tar yields, among other products, a light oil that ennobles poor and thin wine mightily. The essences of various fruits give scents and after-tastes to humble vintages that it needs practice to detect and account for. A dash of raspberry vinegar, a little water, some beetroot sugar, and a modicum of the coarsest alcohol, so disguise a light claret that its foster-father, the vine-grower, would not know it if he sipped it. Some so-called Bordeaux is no true Gascon, but simply the thick strong wine of Aragon or Roussillon, watered until its alcoholic standard is reduced to the usual level of inferior Médoc growths, and sophisticated with sugar, sliced quinces, and logwood.

It should never be forgotten that good wine, like a good horse, can always command its price. It is quite possible for an experienced judge of vintages, at any great seat of the wine trade, to pick up a cask or two, here and there, that needs but a little keeping to make it worth double the original cost. Wine, in a wine-growing district, is the cheapest of all articles of household consumption. The poorest day-labourer, who looks on coffee as a luxury, and whose dinner is of dry bread and raw cloves of garlic, can yet get his two or three daily quarts of local grape-juice at a nominal cost. But this is because the worst of the must produces a fermented liquor, that can neither be kept nor carried to any distance, and when we come across wine with a high-sounding name, and at prices alluringly low, we may be pretty sure that it is but as a daw in peacock's plumage, and has no sterling right to occupy the Best Bins.

A SUMMER NOON.

A DELL knee-deep with flower-sprinkled grass,
Grand, stately beeches, on whose silvery bark
Deep-cut are lovers' names; tall feathery ferns,
Wherein the rabbit crouches—nodding cups
Of myriad harebells, wealth of orchid-blooms,
Lie 'neath the warm glow of a summer noon.
The lazy sun-gold flickers on the leaves,
And in the blackthorn-thicket, voiceless, mute,
Couches the blackbird, resting until eve,
When he again may tune his mellow pipe.

Nature is hushed, and her siesta takes.
Beneath the ardent sun-rays—all is still!

The wearied waggoner—his face on arm—
Lies slumbering on the hay-cart, moments brief
Of swift forgetfulness, quick-snatched from toil,
And doubly sweet the theft. The crickets rest
Amid the ripening wheat: the grasshopper
Has ceased his amorous chirp; the very reeds
Scarce care to bend them in the river breeze,
For all creation seeks a brief, sweet rest.

Drowsily in the passion-flowers hum
Brown-banded bees, and on the unripe peach
Marauder-wasps settle in pirate swarms,
Eager for plunder. From the green leaves peep
The ripening nectarines and apricots;
The jargonelle hangs reddening on the wall,
And the first purple hue of lusciousness
Tinges the mellowing plum; the sovereign quince
Is burdened with her treasures; yellow globes
Of apples bend the laden orchard boughs
Low to the rank, tall grass; rich mulberries
Colour apace, and the green hazel-nuts
Begin to change to russet, bounteous gifts
Of God-directed nature unto man!

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ("THE TWO FOURS").

In 1739, when war was proclaimed with Spain, two regiments of marines were raised, and one of them was numbered the Forty-fourth. In 1741, during the war of the Austrian succession, seven additional infantry regiments were raised, and one of these, the Fifty-fifth, became in 1748, on the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the present Forty-fourth.

The Fifty-fifth, as it was at first called, took part in the battle of Gladsmuir, during the rebellion of '45, when the Highlanders surprised and completely routed Sir John Cope's force, cutting down four hundred men and taking twelve hundred prisoners. The facings at this time were yellow, and the regimental colour yellow silk.

In General Braddock's unfortunate march, in 1755, over the Alleghanies to attack Fort du Quesne, the Forty-fourth joined, Colonel Halkett in vain urging his brave but rash general to use Indian scouts, and to beware of ambushes. With only six hundred men, Braddock still pushed on, heedless of all remonstrance, and proudly contemptuous of his undisciplined enemies. In a place surrounded by woods, the Americans suddenly opened fire, and at the first discharge only twenty-two men of the advanced guard of the Forty-fourth, under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, were left standing.

In 1756, Major-General Abercromby was appointed colonel of the Forty-fourth regiment, and in 1758 it joined in the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, when, by great rashness in not waiting for our artillery, we lost five hundred and fifty-one men. The regiment helped to take

Fort Niagara in 1749, and took part in several engagements that led to the final conquest of Canada. It was engaged again in the American war, arriving in 1775 to reinforce the Boston troops under General Gage.

We find the flank companies of the gallant regiment next distinguishing themselves, in 1794, at the taking of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Gaudaloupe; and the regiment itself formed part of the Duke of York's army in Holland. In 1796, it helped in the second capture of St. Lucia, and, subsequently, in the harassing pursuit of the runaway slaves and Caribs. In 1800, the regiment joined Abercromby's army at Malta, and sailed for Egypt.

When the Forty-fourth returned to England in 1801, there is a tradition that the flank companies were represented by two men alone, Sergeants Mackrell and Donaldson, who, in 1814, were promoted to commissions, and subsequently died as lieutenants in the regiment. In 1803, a second battalion was added to the Forty-fourth.

Colonel Burney, who served as a subaltern at the capture of Malta and Procida, affords the following description of the uniform of the Forty-fourth, on his joining it in 1808. The officers wore large cocked-hats, leather breeches, and long boots above the knees, like dragoons, with powder and long tails, the curl of which was generally formed of some favourite lady's hair, no matter what the colour might be. The evening dress was grey cloth tights, with Hessian boots and tassels in front. The facings of the coat were buttoned back, and every one was powdered and correctly dressed before sitting down to dinner. For duty, officers and men wore white cloth breeches, black cloth leggings or gaiters, with about twenty-five flat silver buttons to each, and a gorget, showing the officer was on duty. At Malta, as in other garrisons, officers for duty were regularly examined, that their buttons and swords were quite bright; if not they were turned back, and the one in waiting brought forward. Members of court-martial were sent back by the president if they had not their gorgets on, and their duty dress and hair properly powdered. To appear out of barracks without being in strict regimentals and swords, was never dreamt of. The poor soldiers ordered for duty were excused the adjutant's drill, as they took some hours to make themselves up to pass muster for all the examinations for guard-

mounting, with pomatum (sometimes a tallow candle), soap, and flour, particularly the men of flank companies, whose hair was turned up behind as stiff as a ramrod. The queues were doomed by general orders from the Horse Guards, dated 20th of July, 1808. The officers wore flashes, made of black ribbon, instead of a tail, attached to the collar of the coat behind, to distinguish them as flankers. This costume has been for years preserved in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The second battalion of the Forty-fourth embarked for the Peninsular war in 1810, and at the siege of Cadiz supplied reinforcements for the fort at Matagorda. The Forty-fourth then sailed for Lisbon and joined the army at the lines of Torres Vedres. They fought at Sabugal, and the light companies were actively engaged at Fuentes d'Onoro, where Captain Jessop commanded.

At the siege of Badajoz the Forty-fourth, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable George Carleton, was told off to make a false attack on the Pardaleras, and a real assault on the bastion of San Vincent. After breaking down the palisading and entering a ditch, the regiment was exposed to such a murderous fire of grape and musketry, that no ladder could possibly be raised. Lieutenant John Brooke at once sent Lieutenant Pierce to the reserve, and two companies were sent up under Captain John Cleland Guthrie, who, from the glacis, soon silenced the guns and musketry. The ladders were then raised, and the stormers entered, followed by the brigade, and the colours of the Forty-fourth were planted on the bastion. A bugler of the Forty-fourth sounding the advance, Lord Wellington, who was waiting anxiously for news, exclaimed, "There's an English bugle in the tower!" The Forty-fourth, on this occasion, lost two lieutenants, two sergeants, thirty-eight rank and file killed, and about a hundred men wounded. Of the light company alone above thirty men perished. Next morning Lieutenant Unthank was found in an embrasure dying. The chaplain of the division came up just in time to administer the sacrament to him as he rested on Lieutenant Pierce's knee. Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton had his jaw broken by a bullet, and Captain Jervoise died of his wounds. The word "Badajoz" on the regimental colours commemorates these services of the Forty-fourth.

At Salamanca the Forty-fourth were

chosen to attack the enemy in front, and they took the eagle of the Sixty-second regiment. The French officer was just secreting the eagle under his grey great-coat, when Lieutenant Pierce made at him, assisted by several private soldiers of the Forty-fourth. A French soldier driving at Lieutenant Pierce with his fixed bayonet, was shot dead by Private Bill Murray, and Pierce divided twenty dollars among his four assistants. The Forty-fourth also took a French drum, which was kept as a trophy till the regiment embarked for the Mediterranean in 1848. Ensign Standley was killed, carrying one of the colours of the Forty-fourth. The regiment lost in this victory, Captain Berwick, Ensign Standley, and four rank and file, while twenty-two men were wounded.

In 1812, Wellington finding the second battalion of the Forty-fourth so reduced in numbers, formed it into four companies. The remaining six companies returned to England. They had earned in Spain the title of "The Little Fighting Fours," being small men and fond of blows.

In 1814, the second battalion, sent to Belgium in 1813, joined in the unfortunate attack on the strong fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom. The Forty-fourth lost above forty men in this catastrophe. A soldier of the Forty-fourth, named McCullup, who had received nine hundred lashes within nine weeks, and on the night of the assault was a prisoner, begged to be released, saying he had never been out of fire when the regiment had been engaged since his joining, and although he knew he was a bad soldier in quarters, yet he was a good one in the field. The man had his wish, and being an excellent shot, managed to kill the first nine sentries that were met with; he was killed, however, during the night.

At Waterloo the Forty-fourth (with Pack's brigade) performed one of the bravest feats ever executed by British soldiers; being suddenly assailed by lancers in rear when already engaged in front, and having no time to form square, they actually received the cavalry in line and defeated it, as Alison proudly records, by one single well-directed volley of the rear ranks, who faced about for that purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton knew his men well, or he would hardly have risked such a desperate measure. A French lancer, says Mr. T. Carter, gallantly charged at the colours, and severely wounded Ensign Christie, who carried one of them, by a

thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the lower jaw. The Frenchman then endeavoured to seize the standard; but the brave Christie, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, with a presence of mind almost unequalled, flung himself upon the flag, not to save himself, but to preserve the honour of the regiment. As the colour fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance; but he was not permitted to bear the fragments beyond the ranks. Both shot and bayoneted by the nearest of the soldiers of the Forty-fourth, he was borne to the earth, paying with the sacrifice of his life for his display of unavailing bravery.

Captain Burney of the Forty-fourth, in his narrative of the battle, says, "The French were in line, with skirmishers in the fields of rye, which was about five feet high. We advanced with the light company extended, but finding that the French had the advantage of seeing us, and picking off many, Colonel Hamerton called them in, and file-firing commenced from each company, to clear the rye as we advanced. After several movements the Forty-fourth were detached at double quick to a rising ground, where we found the French cavalry had driven our artillerymen from their guns, and had taken possession of, but could not move them, as the horses were gone; many of our artillerymen were sheltered under the guns. We were in quarter-distance column, and soon put our men in charge of their guns again. A German regiment then came up, and the Forty-fourth rejoined their brigade. Soon afterwards the division was in line on the plain; the roar of artillery was awful. The French cavalry repeatedly charged, and we formed squares; on the third occasion I was wounded." Captain Burney was then carried to the rear, wounded in the head and leg. A bullet was soon after extracted from his head, without which operation the doctors agreed he would have died mad.

A repeater watch was taken on the 18th at Waterloo, by Ensign Dunlevie, of the Forty-fourth. When the regiment had reformed line from square, a French cavalry officer found himself the sole representative of his squadron, and hemmed in between two lines of our troops. Whereupon he threw off his helmet, disguised himself in his cloak, and, being splendidly mounted, charged the rear centre of the Forty-fourth (first line), making a great grasp at the colours. The sergeants called

out, "Here is a staff officer, open out;" on this, Ensign Dunlevie—who held one of the colours (and which the French officer made a snap at as he rode through)—stabbed the horse in the stomach; the animal staggered and fell about twenty yards in front. Dunlevie and two soldiers hastened on, and the Frenchman was bayoneted whilst disengaging himself, pistol in hand, from his saddle. His watch and gold chain fell into their hands, and were afterwards purchased by Lieutenant-Colonel Burney for thirty napoleons. Ensign Dunlevie subsequently took this repeater to a watchmaker in the Palais Royal, who recognised it, and at once claimed it and locked it up, only half the purchase money having been paid. There being an order from the duke not to dispute with Frenchmen, Dunlevie quietly asked the man to let him compare the watch with his time, and on gaining possession of it put it in his pocket, and with a polite "Bon jour," walked away. On the 16th of June the Forty-fourth had fourteen killed, and one hundred and fifty-one wounded. Lieutenant Tomkins and Ensign Cooke were killed. The second battalion was disbanded soon after Waterloo.

In 1825, the Forty-fourth had an active share in the Burmese war. In 1841, shortly before the breaking out of the Afghan war, the regimental strength consisted of twenty-five officers, thirty-five sergeants, fourteen drummers, and six hundred and thirty-five rank and file, nearly all of whom were destined to perish in the ravines of Afghanistan. On the 2nd of November, 1841, the storm broke out at Cabul, and our political agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Lieutenant Broadfoot, perished in their burning house. In a repulsed attack on the Rika Bashee Fort, Lieutenant-Colonel Mackrell was sabred, and Captain M'Crea, of the Forty-fourth, cut to pieces. The treacherous assassination of the British envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, was followed, on the 5th of February, 1842, by the retreat from Cabul of four thousand five hundred English soldiers, with about three times that number of camp followers, women, and children. Heavy snow had fallen, and the Afghans were in full pursuit. At the Little Cabul Pass confusion, slaughter, and plunder began. The Sepoys were so benumbed with cold that the Afghans wrested their firelocks from them in many instances without resistance. Whenever a European fell the

mountaineers chopped him up with their large knives, as if he had been a dead sheep. Once the Forty-fourth charged, and drove the Afghans gallantly back, bayoneting many, but the relentless pursuit still continued. The road was strewn with dead. At the Tezeen Pass there was more fighting, but Brigadier-General Shelton halted the Forty-fourth, and averted immediate destruction. Here fell Major Scott, Captain Leighton, and Lieutenant White of the Forty-fourth. At barriers thrown up near Jugdulluck, many of the Forty-fourth were killed. The officers slain here and in the pass were Lieutenants William Henry Dodgin and Francis Montessor Wade, Paymaster Thomas Bourke, Quarter-master Richard R. Halahan, and Surgeon John Harcourt.

Paymaster Bourke, says Mr. Carter, had been nearly forty years in the service, which he entered as paymaster in 1804. He had joined the Forty-fourth in 1823, and served with the regiment in Arracan. Some of the officers of the avenging army recognised the remains of the poor old man, from there being a small portion of his silvery grey hair still adhering to the skull. Many valuable papers were lost with his effects; the funds of the regiment, which were unusually flourishing, were in his hands, and some of them were altogether lost. What appeared to be a piece of dirty paper was picked up in the Tezeen valley, and proved to be an order for three hundred pounds, belonging to the officers' mess-fund. The amount was recovered by the regiment.

Quarter-master Halahan had been lieutenant in the Eightieth regiment, but was placed on half-pay on the reduction of the army in 1817. He was appointed quarter-master of the Forty-fourth in 1822, and served with the regiment in Arracan. He was of great strength, and was known to be the most powerful man in the regiment. He carried a musket from Cabul, and fought with the ranks, killing many of the enemy. He fell while crossing the barrier in the Jugdulluck Pass, and had been wounded at Cabul, at the Commissariat Fort.

Lieutenant Dodgin had lost a leg near Peshawur, when on the march to Cabul, in the following unlucky manner. He was at tiffin in his tent with Quarter-master Halahan, when a cry was raised in the camp of "a man running a muck." Dodgin stepped out to see, and it turned out to be a Syce he had discharged that

morning, who was making straight for the tent, brandishing a sword as sharp as a razor. Dodgin called to Halahan, who came out with a thick stick and felled the man lifeless with a single blow; but not in time, however, to aid poor Dodgin, who, in attempting to step out of the fellow's way, stumbled over a tent rope, and received from him so severe a wound as to occasion amputation of the leg. He was also killed at the barrier in the Jugdulluck Pass.

"Shortly after daylight on the 13th of January," says the regimental biographer, "the exhausted survivors found their progress arrested by a numerous body of horse and foot, in a strong position across the road, whereupon they ascended a height on their left hand, and, reaching the top, waved a handkerchief; some of the Afghans then came to them, and agreed that Major Griffiths (Thirty-seventh Native Infantry) should proceed to the Chief of Gundamuck to make terms; whilst he was gone, a few of them gave the men some bread, and possibly gaining confidence from this, the enemy yielded to their usual propensity to plunder, and endeavoured to snatch the arms out of the soldiers' hands, when an officer exclaiming, 'Here is treachery!' words came to blows. The Afghans were instantly driven down the hill; firing was then recommenced and continued for nearly two hours, during which these heroic few kept the enemy at bay, till their numbers being reduced to about twenty, and their ammunition expended, the Afghans rushed in suddenly with their knives. An awful scene ensued, and ended in the massacre of all except Lieutenant Thomas Alexander Souter, Lance-Sergeant Alexander Fair, six soldiers of the Forty-fourth, three artillerymen, and Major Griffiths, Thirty-seventh Native Infantry, whose lives the Afghans, with unwonted humanity, spared. In this last struggle Lieutenant Thomas Collins, Arthur Hogg, Edward Sandford Cumberland, Samuel Swinton, and Doctor William Primrose, assistant-surgeon, all of the ill-fated Forty-fourth, were killed."

Of the one hundred and two officers killed at Cabul and in the retreat, twenty-two belonged to the Forty-fourth. Of six hundred and eighty-four men of the Forty-fourth, six hundred and fifty-eight perished, nine were prisoners, seventeen survived the last brave stand at Gundamuck, and of these fourteen died in captivity.

In one of the last fights Lieutenant

Souter, seeing the peril, tore the regimental colours from the staff, and wrapped them round his body. The Queen's colour Lieutenant Cumberland handed to Colour-Sergeant Patrick Carey, who wrapped it round him; but Carey was killed, and the colour never seen again. The first colour was more lucky. Lieutenant Souter, in a letter to his wife, from his captivity near Sughman, in the hills, not many miles from Jellalabad, thus wrote: "In the conflict my posteen flew open and exposed the colour. They thought I was some great man, looking so flash. I was seized by two fellows (after my sword had dropped from my hand by a severe cut in the shoulder, and my pistols had missed fire); they hurried me to a distance, took my clothes from off me except my trousers and cap, led me away to a village by command of some horsemen that were on the road, and I was made over to the head man of the village, who treated me well, and had my wound attended to. Here I remained a month, seeing occasionally a couple of men of my regiment who were detained in an adjoining village. At the end of a month I was handed over to Akbar Khan, and joined the ladies and the other officers at Sughman. I lost everything I possessed. . . . My wound, which is from my right shoulder a long way down my blade-bone, is an ugly one, but it is quite healed. The cut was made through a sheepskin posteen, under which the colour was concealed, lying over my right shoulder, that thick Petersham coat I used to wear at Kurnaul, a flannel and shirt. I then threw my pistol upon the ground, and gave myself up to be butchered. The man I tried to shoot seized me, assisted by his son-in-law, and dragged me down the hill; then took my clothes, the colour, and my money. I was eventually walked off to a village two miles away. This same man and his son-in-law, whose names are Meer Jaun, came afterwards to the village where I was, with my telescope, to get me to show them how to use it. Afterwards the son-in-law and I became thick; he brought me back the colour (though divested of the tassels and most of the tinsel), to my agreeable surprise."

Both the colours had for some years been mere bundles of ribbons, and the colour thus saved was eventually placed in the church of Alverstoke, Hants. Colonel Shelton was killed in 1845, by a fall from his horse in the square of Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

In 1854, when the Forty-fourth embarked at Varna for the Crimean war, the regiment's strength was thirty officers and eight hundred and ninety-nine men of all ranks. After the battle of the Alma, Doctor James Thomas, of the Forty-fourth, and Private Magrath, a soldier servant, for four or five days volunteered to remain behind, and alleviate the sufferings of seven hundred wounded Russians; subsequently the doctor took three hundred and forty of them to Odessa, and died on his return to Balaklava, of cholera, a victim to his generous exertions. The Forty-fourth particularly distinguished itself in the attack on and occupation of the cemetery at the head of the Dockyard Creek, the day Pelissier was repulsed at the Malakoff. Our men had the dangerous task of pulling down barricades of stone walls while under fire. The Forty-fourth swarmed into the advanced houses, and kept up a continuous fire on the embrasures at the head of the creek. The brigade was altogether eighteen hours under fire, and got, for the first time, actually into the town of Sebastopol, although exposed to a plunging fire from the Redan and Barrack batteries. Five hundred and sixty-two men were the total casualties of the day. Colonel the Honourable Augustus Spencer, who commanded the Forty-fourth, was wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Staveley succeeded to the command. Altogether the Forty-fourth lost in killed and wounded, one hundred and thirty-three men. Of six captains who went into action, four (Fenwick, Agar, Mansfield, and Caulfield) were killed. Colonel Spencer and Lieutenants Logan, Haworth, and Hoskins were wounded. The Victoria Cross was afterwards given to Sergeant William M'Whiney. The Gazette of the day says M'Whiney "Volunteered as sharp-shooter at the commencement of the siege of Sebastopol, and was in charge of the party of the Forty-fourth; was always vigilant and active, and signalised himself on the 26th of October, 1854, when one of his party, Private John Keane, Forty-fourth regiment, was dangerously wounded in the Woronzoff road, at the time the sharpshooters were repulsed from the quarries by overwhelming numbers. Sergeant M'Whiney, on his return, took the wounded man on his back and brought him to a place of safety. This was under a very heavy fire. He was also the means of saving the life of Corporal John Courtenay. This man was one of the sharpshooters, and was severely wounded in the head on the 5th

of December, 1854. Sergeant M'Whiney brought him from under fire, and dug up a slight cover with his bayonet, where the two remained until dark, when they retired. Sergeant M'Whiney volunteered for the advanced guard of Major-General Eyre's brigade in the cemetery, on the 18th of June, 1855, and was never absent from duty during the war."

In 1860, the Forty-fourth sailed for China, the emperor having refused to ratify the treaty of Tien-Tsin. On the 6th of August, the regiment landed on the banks of the Pehtang river, and advanced to attack the Tartar posts at the Sin-ho entrenchments. The roads were so bad that it cost the troops two hours' hard labour to march two miles. The tremendous Armstrong guns, then first used in actual warfare, astonished the Tartar horsemen, who nevertheless streamed out and enveloped Sir Robert Napier's force, who was taking the position in flank. The Tartars were soon put to flight, but again broke out in swarms, and threatened the artillery. They were driven off by four companies of the Forty-fourth, who wheeled up and fired volleys. The rear guard also received and repulsed a charge of Tartar cavalry. After taking Tangken, Sir James Hope Grant determined to reduce the North Taku Forts, near the mouth of the Peiho. On the 21st of August, a storming party was chosen from the Forty-fourth, to be led by Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick William Macmahon, a wing of the Sixty-seventh, and some marines, who carried a pontoon bridge for crossing the wet ditches. The magazines in both forts having exploded, a breach was commenced near the gate, and a portion of the storming party advanced to within thirty yards and opened a musketry fire, which the Chinese returned with interest. The resistance was so vigorous that the French, having crossed the wet ditches, were unable to escalate the walls. Nor could the sappers succeed in laying the pontoon bridge, thirteen of the men being knocked down in succession, and one of the pontoons destroyed. Moreover the troops had to wade through deep mud, swim three wet ditches, and clamber over two belts of pointed bamboo stakes. At this crisis Napier ordered up two howitzers to within fifty yards of the gate, and soon created a breach sufficient for one man to enter. In like terriers the stormers went in single file; Lieutenant Robert Montessor Rogers of the E company, then Private John Macdougall of the Forty-fourth, and Lieutenant Lenon of the Sixty-

seventh were the first Englishmen inside the walls of the North Taku Forts; they climbed up the embrasure by sticking bayonets in the wall, and so earned the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on Lieutenant Burslem, Ensign Chaplin, and Private Lane of the Sixty-seventh. The Chinese, driven back foot by foot, were at last harled through the opposite embrasures into the muddy ditches. About an hour after all the forts hoisted flags of truce, yet still defied the allies. Eventually the allied infantry, pushing on to the outer North Fort, scaled the walls, and made prisoners the garrison of two thousand men. Towards evening the Chinese evacuated the South Forts. The loss was severe. The Forty-fourth had Captain Ingham and Lieutenant Rogers severely hurt, fourteen men killed, and one drummer and forty-five men wounded. Captain Gregory was one of the first in the Taku Forts after those who obtained the Victoria Cross; Brigadier Reeves, who commanded the troops for the assault, was severely wounded in five places. The words "Taku Forts" are now borne on the colours of the Forty-fourth regiment.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER V. BY THE LEETH.

THE excitement, in which there had been a strong element of bitter sorrowful disappointment for Harty, was over. She realised that it was over the instant she awoke the morning after the party. Realised it with a pang in spite of that aforesaid element of bitter disappointment. At any rate, it had been a real genuine excitement, and anything was better than this dead dull level of monotony on which she was condemned to dwell.

The repulse of her hand, the rejection of the olive-branch by Claude Powers, had been very cruel, pitifully hard to bear, but it had acted as a stimulant for the time, and forced her into the display of an eager vivacity that deceived herself even. Catching sight of her own face in the glass, she felt a momentary surprise at seeing the face of a happy girl, a momentary conviction that the happiness was a reality. But the excitement was over now, and she knew that the happiness had been a sham, and that memory and feeling would combine to give her plenty of pain and sorrow, plenty of monotonous hopelessness in the future.

The first result of the reaction from the

overwrought condition of the previous day was that her nerves were thoroughly unstrung. She shrank from the idea of quitting the sanctuary of her bed, and going down to bear her share of the burden and heat of the day. Everything would be harder to do and to bear during the coming hours, she felt sure, than they had ever seemed. The tension of her nerves was such that the mere sound of her stepfather's voice, raised in its ordinary household tone of fretful fault-finding, made her shiver back from the door, with a feeling that she was in some measure to blame about something unknown with which the atmosphere was highly charged. Notes of domestic discord sounding from the kitchen made her wince. All her fearlessness, all her bright elasticity was gone, and she had a conviction that Mr. Devenish would achieve a series of easy victories over her this day, and crush her spirit in the dust.

She had never before faltered away from facing the personal disagreeables of their poverty-stricken state. But it made her shiver like an aspen, when this morning she had to take her coffee to the music of a lamentation Mr. Devenish was pouring out with fretful fluency, as to the exorbitant amount of meat which must be consumed in that household judging from the butcher's-book. It was a favourite and frequent pastime of his, this of bemoaning the bills at breakfast and dinner. It always depressed his wife and Mabel to the degree which he deemed a fitting tribute of sympathy to his own despondency. But Harty generally contested the question with him if she took any verbal notice of it; contested the question of unnecessary expense bordering on wasteful extravagance, and proved with perspicuity and zeal that, owing to her mother's skill in housekeeping, they subsisted on the minimum allowance of absolutely essential viands.

But in the present exceptional state of her nerves, the sound of the odiously familiar words, "books, and bills, and money," broke her down. A future had spread out before her once in which these things would have had no power to distress her, and that future had been marred by the querulous, complaining man at the opposite side of the table. The tears came into her eyes in a sudden rush of self-pity, and her infinitely distressed mother saw by the quivering of her lips that there would be a convulsive breakdown presently.

"And if I say a word to my poor child, Edward will fancy that I am reflecting on him; he is so sensitive, poor fellow!"

The man whose tender sensitiveness would have been outraged by the mother showing sympathy for her daughter, marked that daughter's agitation presently, and resented it.

"I see that, in addition to everything else which I have to bear, I am treated to a lachrymose exhibition of temper if I make an attempt to check, or even presume to point out that there is lavish expenditure going on in this ill-regulated family. Where the money goes I can't tell; my habits are inexpensive enough I am sure. However, there'll be an end to it some day."

"Thank Heaven there will be an end to it some day," broken-down Harty sobbed out; but, as Mrs. Devenish and Mabel felt, there was no ring of defiance in the words such as would have portended a speedy rebound from this despair. She was overthrown, and her tone told in its plaintive wail that she was only helplessly anxious that the end should come.

The head of the house would not have missed such a golden opportunity of forging fresh fetters for his wife for the world. So now he rose up, fractiousness (and how powerful that same fractiousness in a man is in quelling the hearts and spirits and happiness of the wretched women who dwell with him, none can tell but those who have watched its force increasing) stamped on every lineament, expressed in every limb and gesture, pervading the whole man in a soul-sickening way.

"I am going to sit in the garden, my dear," he said to his wife; "it's very odd that I can't have a chair kept out there, with a couple of lazy servants in the house, to say nothing of—however, it doesn't matter, I'm accustomed to it; and you must speak to the servants about the row they make, I will not submit to that any longer; like a pot-house, screams of laughter from the kitchen directly my back is turned; they're a couple of wasteful, idle, extravagant, giddy women, and will take us to the workhouse at a quicker pace than we should go without them."

Having said which, and being anxious to read his newspaper, Mrs. Devenish's lord and master betook himself to the garden, followed by Mabel with all the cushions and cloaks she thought he might possibly want.

And Harty sat there still, twisted round on her chair, with her head reclining on the back of it. Doing what she hated herself for doing, crying simply, in a drear kind of way that would have maddened her in another woman.

"Harty!" her mother began, going up to the girl and taking the wan brown head home to her heart the instant they were alone; "Harty, tell me! tell me, dear; did you hope still, until you met him again, last night; is it that, my child?"

"No, it isn't that," Harty said, shaking herself up; "hope, no, I've never had any hope of Claude's being my lover again, if you mean that, mother; but he won't see that I'm right about something, and so that makes him seem a little cruel, and——"

"Cruel! cruel is no word for his monstrous conduct, I think, Harty. He behaved to poor dear Edward last night in a way that makes me blush to think that I ever liked Claude Powers; cut him, cut Edward dead, shamefully; what would you have done if you had seen it, my poor child? At least you were spared that sight."

"I think I could have borne it," Harty said, philosophically, rousing herself, and drying her eyes, and then looking in the glass and mercilessly examining and enlarging upon the effect the unwonted fit of weeping had had on her personal appearance. "Goodness me! look at my lips, they're swollen, and the tip of my nose is red; hateful result of nature having its own way——"

"But, Harty!" Mrs. Devenish interrupted, "I don't think I understood you; why Mr. Powers should cut poor dear Edward because he has broken his engagement with you, I can't understand; he can speak to me and to you, it appears; it is so invidious to vent his annoyance on poor Edward."

"Oh! you poor, dear, mistaken darling mother," Harty thought, "how your loving heart would be divided if you only knew the truth," but she only suffered herself to say aloud:

"Don't let us concern ourselves about Mr. Powers and what he does, and why he does it, mother dear; he won't about us." Then for the sake of pleasing her mother, of giving her a few crumbs of comfort, she constrained herself to add:

"I am very sorry that anything happened to hurt papa, last night; it was unfortunate, for he doesn't get over things."

"It was unfortunate, dreadfully," Mrs. Devenish responded, heartily, "it was cruelly unfortunate; it robbed him of his rest, and when that is the case he gets irritable naturally, and can't eat his breakfast; there, you see, he has left half that sweet-bread."

"He pushed the other part back in a

pet, when I couldn't help crying," Harty laughed. "Yes, mother, he did, really, pushed it away in a pet; we all have our little weaknesses, and an utter inability to stand the sight of another person's downheartedness is one of Mr. Devenish's, I should say."

"He has had so much to try him, so much to rob his nature of some of its original brightness," the loving, self-deceiving woman went on; "if you could but remember him as I do, Harty, playing with you two children, making himself a self-sacrifice to your little caprices, thinking nothing a trouble that he did for you, you'd lament the change as deeply as I do."

Mrs. Devenish brought her sentence to a close with a sigh that was full of faith in and love for her husband, and Harty had not the courage or the cruelty to speak the truth which would have tripped off her tongue readily enough if Mr. Devenish only would have been hurt by the utterance of it. As it was, she said:

"Do you believe in our having guardian spirits about us, mother; good angels who guide and direct us?"

"Yes," Mrs. Devenish did believe in the vague, abstract kind of way in which people do believe a vast number of things about which they know absolutely nothing.

"So do I, whenever I think of you and Mr. Devenish, mother; you're his guardian angel, if ever a man had one." And Harty thought, almost regretfully, that there were times when she had it in heart to wish that her mother was not quite so adroit in the interposition of the shield of her affection between the man she loved, and some rebuffs that he well deserved.

"Ah!" the wife said, "he is the guardian spirit, the good angel of my life, dear; but it's no use trying to make you understand that yet, until you meet, as I pray you may, with such another."

Then Mrs. Devenish went away to order dinner, and to tone down, as well as she could, the exuberant mirth of the two callous creatures who dared to be glad when Mr. Devenish decreed sadness should reign.

"I ought to go and put away that tattered, mutilated grey bundle of mere shreds, about which fond memory clings in a most ridiculous way," Harty thought; "but I hate the thoughts it will conjure up, and the vision of the twirling noodle I made myself for the sake of giving Mr. Ferrier the exercise he thought needful for him-

self. I am not likely to want it again, so I'll let it repose in its rumpled, and go down to the Leeth instead."

There was something attractive to her fancy in the idea of an hour or two on the banks of the slow, silent river, that ran along so darkly. It was not a beautiful river, the Leeth. It has no bright beauty of cascade and boulder, no charm of silvery ripple, no dashing little waterfalls. But it has a sombre, steady, subdued charm of its own, as it sluggishly rolls along between straight banks that are well planted with rows of trees whose boughs almost sweep the ground, affording the very best shelter that the heart of man can desire between himself and the sky. A lovely, light, lime-tree ceiling, full of fissures and cracks, through which splashes of heavenly blue, and flakes of sunshine came flickering down, deluding feebly confiding passers-by, or passers-under rather, into the belief that the world is full of warmth and beauty.

"Oh, dear!" Harty thought, as she made her way through the meadow that intervened between their garden and the river, and stood at last under the shade of green trees on its bank, and watched the dark quiet water flowing on, "how soft, and soothing, and satisfying it seems to be just now; I wonder if the Leeth ever had an angry thought to ruffle its surface in its existence; I wonder if the same sort of thing has gone on happening at intervals on its banks? I wonder if ever a girl stood here before, like me, who laughed over a baffled love, and cried tears of blood over a butcher's book? I wonder—no, I don't wonder a bit more about you, stupid Leeth, I'm sick of you already," she wound up with, in a burst of passionate truthfulness.

"Emblem of my life!" she cried in a rage, casting herself down on the bank in impotent, childish fury. "Mocking, everlasting emblem! How dull, and dark, and slow you are! I wonder if Claude has got hold of you, if you pass through his grounds? If you do he will dam you up in one place in order to make you unnaturally bold and bright in another; he'll try to control, and fetter, and curb you, in order to see what you'll do and dare, in order to see how you'll destroy yourself, in order to be amused by your idiotic efforts to seem free and unrestrained when you're chained and hedged in, and tied down on every side, and in every way. Don't I know it all—all he can do and may do, and don't I think it all so right, so right because it's Claude."

This recollection of her love, and her love-troubles, was the only one she thought of indulging in, she cared to indulge in, now that she was away from the stifling home atmosphere, in which she had to take short hazardous breaths, and walk as though she were treading on hot plough-shares. The vile, fractious ill-temper, and peevish irritability of the head of the house, the one who possessed within himself the proud power of making the whole household uncomfortable, was beginning to tell with frightful force on Harty. The girl might have been driven down to any depths of degradation and sin by it. To a refined and sensitive and noble nature, there is nothing so demoralising as contact with a fretful, peevish, narrow, and ill-tempered one. In this case, for example, Harty longed so to escape from the everlasting sound of the eternal whine of complaint about something or somebody—the eternal whine, the eternal look of dissatisfaction in the clouded eyes, and drawn in nostrils, and the discontented droop of the mouth. She so longed to escape from this special phase of facial power as portrayed by Mr. Devenish, that she went straight away into the opposite extreme of yearning for smiles and amiability, no matter from whom, without any regard for or dread of the danger she might brave if her yearning were gratified. "Give me a smiling demon any day, rather than a scowling saint," she thought this morning in her utter disgust and loathing for that futile ill-humour which breathes like a noxious vapour through the lives of so many wretched human beings. Almost as the thought flashed into her strained, harassed mind, Jack Ferrier came strolling along, contrasting vividly with the dull, dank river, and the dark unsmiling home.

Jack Ferrier came strolling along sunnily, looking like a beam of radiance, by contrast with that dusky-visaged, temper-corroded Mr. Devenish, the recollection of whose meanly inquisitive, fretful, suspicious, pettily domineering face was weighing her down at the moment. She turned as a sun-flower turns to the god of day as the fair-faced man, with happy eyes, came lightly into her presence, and she threw off a goodly portion of her deadly gloom with the words:

"I came down here to enjoy the river, just because it is water, and moves, and has something like life. Now I am so glad to see you, because you're so utterly unlike the Leeth——"

"Do you mean that, as you see me, I

have neither movement nor life," he laughed. "I shall hurl that statement in Mr. Powers's teeth whenever he asserts, as he does, on an average, twice a day, that my excessive vitality overpowers him."

"No, no! hear all I have to say before you quote me to suit your own ends. The Leeth has about as much movement and life as a tortoise when it first wakes up. Now you came 'leaping like a merry brown hare' into my solitude a minute ago."

"Much to your annoyance?" interrogatively.

"Much to my delight," she answered, frankly. "I can have the companionship of the torpid river any day, but you're quite new, and I shall probably not have your companionship very often?"

Jack Ferrier's experience of women was wide, but he was a little puzzled now. His judgment refused this morning to indorse the hasty conclusion to which he had come the previous night respecting her. He could no longer look upon her as a shy country girl. But he could not make up his mind as to whether she was daring from indifference or design, whether she was playing a part in order to storm him into thinking about her, or merely suffering herself to be seen by him just as she was, out of carelessness as to whether he thought about her or not.

He had seated himself on the green bank of the river by her side now, and he was taking in her three-quarter face as the sun flickered down upon it, and she bent it slightly to avoid the glare.

"A plain little thing seen by the morning light," he thought. "Why doesn't her sister, who is a pretty girl, teach her how to do her hair better?"

"What are you thinking about?" Harty asked, suddenly, as his thoughts culminated in this rather derogatory question concerning her. "What are you thinking about? Me?"

"Well, at that moment I was, if you must know," he answered, determined to take her on her own ground of frankness, and try whether or not he could disarm her. "I was thinking about you; there's nothing either complimentary or the reverse of complimentary, you know, in my doing so, considering you're well in my line of vision, and there's no one else here."

She laughed a genuine, musical laugh.

"Will you mind telling me what you were thinking about me?" she asked, coaxingly; "say out, nothing extenuate; I know I needn't ask you to set down nought in malice."

"No, that I swear you needn't about yourself," he said, warmly. But somehow his thoughts of her had been tinged with another hue during the last few moments. He no longer thought her either very plain or a little artificial. The sudden gleams of animation were genuine things. So were the clouds of absent gloom that mingled with them. On the whole he deemed it more sagacious not to tell the girl what he thought of her just then, and, as judging from her next remark, her interest had veered away from the subject, it was easy for him to carry out his resolution of reticence.

"Do you know, your friend Mr. Powers and you are as utterly unlike each other as two human beings can be?"

"Yes. But why should we be other than unlike?" Jack Ferrier asked, laughing. "I tell you now what you meant, Miss Carlisle: not so much that Powers and I are unlike, as that I am hopelessly inferior to him in most things. I know that; I know very well that he is one in a thousand—there are many duplicates of me."

"He's obstinate, I should think, and you're not," Harty said, slowly searching his face keenly as she spoke; "but you're right, he is very clever."

"You soon made the discovery. I didn't see you talking to him very much last night; but he has the art of giving one the clue to the topic that's nearest one's interest at the time very quickly, as I told you."

"Yes, he gave me the clue to the topic that was nearest my interest last night very quickly indeed," Harty said, with a little dry laugh; "so quickly that it confused me; it was conversational conjuring."

"Did he now?" Jack Ferrier asked, with unfeigned, admiring simplicity.

And Harty felt even more at her ease as she reflected, "Claude has not told him anything of our story yet."

"Do you ride?" Mr. Ferrier asked at this point, suddenly and irrelevantly cutting into her meditations. "I suppose you do; all girls do in these days."

"Well, let me see. How I shall answer that question, concisely and veraciously, is beyond me. I don't ride because I have no horse; but I did ride once when I had a horse—lent me. Perhaps I may have forgotten all about the noble art; perhaps I might ride as well as ever if I were put to the test. Why?"

"Why I asked I think because you look like a girl who could ride. You have go,

and grace, and suppleness, and you look as if you'd enjoy it. I hope you will."

"Hope I will. Why?"

"Because Powers is going to fill his stables as well as he can, as soon as he can; and we must all aid him in exercising his horses. I am going to be master of the horse, and I'll take care that you have a good mount."

"Thank you; when I ride one of Mr. Powers's horses probably he will take care that I have a good mount. Oh dear, what folly we are talking! How remorseful I shall feel about it in about half an hour when I'm sitting down at early dinner, with no appetite, and the consciousness that there is nothing in the rest of my life to justify me in having ventured to enjoy this little scrap of it."

He was on the brink of uttering a platitude about the probability of the real state of the case being that her surroundings were all so silken and so soft that the merest crumple in a rose-leaf disturbed her, when there was an expression of such impatience with what was, of such a yearning for something else, as never flits over the face of one to whom fate is even moderately tender. And before he could substitute another form of words, Mabel was seen coming towards them across the meadow, looking like a blossom in the freshest of muslins, with peace on her brow and goodwill in her heart, and contentment in her mind, even with that order of things which had chained her to Mr. Devenish's chariot wheels all the morning.

Mr. Devenish had been in one of what may be described as his most despicably discontented of moods. He would have none of anybody's care, consideration, or kindness; at least, he had all these things, but he took care to portray vividly that he did neither solicit, desire, nor deign to be grateful for them. Truly, it was an exasperating mood for a man to take shelter in, the while he prepared to take aim at other people's inoffensive foibles.

Mabel made the real state of the case manifest to Harty in perfect unconsciousness this morning when she joined the pair on the river bank.

"Poor papa has been finding the atmosphere this morning dreadfully trying," she began, in tones of solemn sympathy. "Mamma and I haven't been able to persuade him to take anything this morning either; he's looking dreadfully weak."

She turned a face full of warm, kindly explanation of Mr. Devenish's current suffering towards Jack Ferrier as she spoke, and he admired her infinitely, and felt his heart expand with pity of an indefinite and not too harrowing order for the lightly sketched malady of the unknown man. He thought Mabel a pretty, kind-hearted girl, with whom Harty contrasted unfavourably just then. For Harty was allowing her face to assume its most unsympathetic, most doubtful expression.

"She's harder and more selfish than her sister," he told himself: "the sort of girl who theoretically would sacrifice everything in the world, herself included, for any one she loves, and who practically would sacrifice everything in the world, including the one she loves, to herself." Then filled with a strong sense of the truth of this unjust conclusion to which he came concerning Harty, he turned impressively to her sister and said:

"I was very much struck with Mr. Devenish's appearance last night, Miss Carlisle; he has one of those refined, sensitive faces that speak of a very high organisation, and that unconsciously plead for gentle usage and tender consideration."

Mabel's eyes flashed gratefully, Mabel's soft, tender face softened and grew more tender still, in her perfect womanly appreciation of his sentiments. She was about to eagerly indorse his view of Mr. Devenish's case, when Harty interposed.

"You will be gratified to hear that Mr. Devenish gets all his face unconsciously pleads for, Mr. Ferrier." Then she felt sorry and ashamed of herself, and added, "For my mother and sister are very different to me; they're good and unselfish, and can bear to be put out of their way, and given a little trouble without thinking themselves ill-used and generally put upon."

Then while Jack Ferrier's opinion of her was veering round again to that point from which he had first started, while Harty, with her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on her hands, and her eyes riveted on the sluggish stream, was looking like a little crumpled up figure of humble meditation, and saying, "Good gracious! what a mercy it is for men that more women are like mamma and Mab than like me," they saw Claude Powers coming down a meadow path that led from the Court to the town close on the opposite bank of the river.